

THE **Quill**

**A MAGAZINE FOR
WRITERS, EDITORS,
AND PUBLISHERS**

No "Flash" Newspapers For Us

By H. D. Paulson

Editor, The Fargo Forum

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Feature Editor, The Richmond Times-Dispatch

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Free-Lance Writer

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Editor, System Magazine

Salary Isn't Everything

By Donald D. Hoover

Assistant City Editor, The Indianapolis News

You Metropolitan Boys—

By G. C. Terry

Editor and Publisher, The Tri-County Press

As They View It

After Deadline

The Book Beat

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As They View It

The Press Must Be Free

By C. M. MORRISON

Editor, The Philadelphia Public Ledger

A FREE press, honestly and intelligently directed, is an invaluable aid to any representative government in periods of national strain. But it must be a free press, free to gather and print, according to its own intelligence, judgment and common sense, what it knows to be news.

"Only in the gravest of national emergencies should the press be influenced by governmental wishes in handling news. Any other policy defeats itself. The people lose confidence both in their government and in their newspapers when they suspect that news is being suppressed or modified.

"The appeal made from the White House offices in the matter of the debt moratorium was an error in both tactics and policy.

"There has been too much softening of unpleasant news in this country during the past two years. There have been too many requests from business interests and financial groups for the elimination of unfavorable economic news. In a good many instances these have amounted to efforts toward downright censorship. There is, to be entirely frank about it, entirely too much hole-and-corner censorship in the Federal departments. There are far too many 'public relations men' in Washington masquerading under one title or another and supported by the Federal taxpayers, whose business it is to suppress information to which the public is entitled and to pass out propaganda for their departments and departmental chiefs.

"Our reporters and correspondents should continue to be correspondents and reporters. They should continue to get or attempt to get information from officials of the various branches of government and the publication of that information should be a matter for the decision of individual newspapers."—From the *Bulletin* of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.



Let the Editors Decide

By ARTHUR J. SINNOTT

Managing Editor, The Newark Evening News

AS a general proposition I do not believe in letting anyone edit the papers or direct their policy. There is only one situation in which the papers should be agreeable to such censorship and that during actual war.

"No formula can be prepared for the conduct of newspapers in handling requests for the elimination or soft-pedaling of news, economic or any other kind. There should not be the slightest restriction on reporters getting or attempting to get information they think would be of value to their editors. The mere statement of some bureaucrat or other official directly interested that he regards publication of such information as against national or public interest should not be accepted as conclusive. It is only evidential and the final decision should be reserved by the editor.

"What the editor does with the information is another proposition. His duty is to give the public the facts at such a time and in such a way that needless alarm will not be given. The papers must so publish the facts that they will continue to merit the confidence of their readers. One trouble today is due to a popular belief that the papers are withholding publication of news. That is the explanation of the present lack of confidence in institutions generally.

"There should be no substitution of official judgment as to getting or handling of news for the judgment of those in whom we have sufficient confidence to send to cover important developments.

"It is the duty of the reporters to get the facts regardless of the desires of those in authority to direct the flow of news or to interpret it. Washington has too much commanding influence now as a source of reports that have a vital influence on the country, and any inquisitive efforts to get the facts or tendency to criticize policy are so salutary that they should be encouraged."—From the *Bulletin* of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

THE QUILL

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A Magazine for Writers, Editors, and Publishers

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Number 3

No "Flash" Newspapers For Us

Residents of the Great Northwest Demand Newspapers
That Are Serious, Informative and Interpretative . . .

NEWSPAPERING in the Northwest is about the same as newspapering anywhere, except that the interests with which we are particularly concerned differ to the degree that our industrial activities and social interests vary from those of other areas.

If I were to stress one point over any other, insofar as the conduct and direction of newspaper enterprises in this region are concerned, I believe I would emphasize that our newspapers, as a whole, are of a rather serious frame of mind.

In this region the "flash" newspaper has no place. The tabloid type of journalism is taboo, for our people, largely isolated, lack interest in those things upon which the tabloid prospers. Our people demand of their newspapers that they be informative and interpretative—a formula that is demanded by thinking readers no matter where you may find them. I believe the greater proportion of all of the people of our region have a sound interest in the significant things of life, a fact reflected in the type of newspaper published here.

WE have seen, in this vast area, many splendid newspaper properties built along sound, conservative lines. We have seen newspapers that have risen to great heights because their directing heads have appreciated the fact that they are dealing with a reader public that will not tolerate sham. At the same time we have seen other enterprises fall by the wayside because the course that

By H. D. PAULSON

Editor, The Fargo Forum

was charted for them failed to take into consideration the character of the men and women who were expected to become readers of and supporters of such newspapers.

Without industrial centers such as the eastern section and some other areas of the United States boast, with a citizenship that is very literate, one or another of the northwest newspa-

pers goes into practically every home. And, in the rural regions, and in the towns and cities remote from the larger centers of population, the responsibility for supplying those homes with the day's grist of news, with comment upon the more significant developments, devolve largely upon a single newspaper, for subscribers who take more than one newspaper are not many in proportion to the whole number.

Of course, our newspapers must and do supply the lighter forms of entertainment that have been developed to such a high degree in more recent years, but I would still say that the dominant note, the dominant thought in the making of our newspapers, is that of appealing largely to the studious-minded.

THE conditions under which so many of our people live make the demand for the interpretative type of newspaper. On their farms, in their small villages and towns, they have time to read, time to think, and to exchange views with one another on the topics of the day. True, we occasionally have an outstanding crime story, a story that may for a few days or a few weeks hold the public interest to the point where circulation figures mount rapidly, but no newspaper in this region has been able to hold reader interest for an indefinite period by catering to this transitory interest.

Newspapers of the area naturally fall into three classifications. We have, first, the large city dailies serving the

He Knows His Field

H. D. PAULSON, who surveys the newspapers of the Northwest in the accompanying article, began his newspaper career at Grand Forks, N. D., in 1906 and was later city editor of the Grand Forks Herald.

He became city editor of the Fargo (N. D.) Forum in 1917 and editor in 1924. He prefers the writing end of newspaper work rather than the details of editorial responsibility and makes frequent excursions into the realm of writing.

Mr. Paulson is a member of the executive council of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

metropolitan areas: the Twin Cities, and such centers as Duluth, Des Moines and several others. Unconsciously, these papers exert a very marked influence upon the character and service of the second group of papers, namely, those dailies serving the secondary cities; and there are very few communities of 4,000 or more population that do not boast a daily. The third group of papers in the territory, of course, is made up of the weeklies. You will find in this latter classification some of the finest and most efficiently edited papers of that type to be found anywhere in the United States.

IN the last few years, the newspapers of the Northwest, in common with similar enterprises the country over, have enjoyed a period of prosperity that may be slightly clouded for the moment by the present rather unsatisfactory business condition, referred to in some quarters as the "depression." Along with the improved status that has come to this field of activity, our newspapers, as a whole, have improved greatly the quality of the service they are giving. There is today, in this whole region, hardly a daily paper that does not boast its all-day leased wire service, whereas only a few years ago that was a luxury reserved only to the publications of the larger cities.

Just as the American newspapers in the early stage of their development watched eagerly for the arrival of ships from Europe to bring them news of the outside world, our early-day Northwest newspapers watched for the arrival of the Twin City papers, that the day's edition might be properly dressed with telegraph news. Far back, in the very earliest day of the small-town daily, keen, indeed, was the competition.

While the early American paper along the Atlantic seaboard has been accused, justly or otherwise, of hiring expert riflemen to shoot down the news-laden carrier pigeons employed by a rival, so out here in the Northwest our sorely beset pioneer-day editor has been known, not infrequently, to corner the entire supply of papers coming in from the Twin Cities, to the utter confusion of his competitor. Happily, those days have passed and our newspapers, while they are even today in sharp competition one with the other, have learned that the greatest benefit to each can come only through cooperative effort. Today they are working in close harmony, each serving its own

field to the extent that its resources permit.

A LONG with the bettered financial status of the newspaper, the enlarged service, has come additional opportunity for employment. More men and more women have found a chance to associate themselves with newspapers, and, in my own state at least, these recruits have come largely from schools of journalism.

IN APRIL - -

THE QUILL'S pages, among other things of interest, will contain—

An article on the gold standard that you will not want to miss, written by Sherwin C. Badger, of the Wall Street Journal staff. Timely and informative.

Some additional sidelights on the country weekly field by James L. Small, owner and editor of the Mukwonago Chief.

Mitchell V. Charnley's scrutiny of the cynical newspaperman.

A frank criticism of publicity by Clyde Duncan, himself a publicity man.

Arthur H. Little's fourth article of the series on writing for business publications.

Also other articles that you will enjoy along with the regular departments.

THE QUILL FOR APRIL

The "hit-and-miss" method of the past, insofar as the selection of recruits for editorial service is concerned, has very largely disappeared, with the result that the man and woman out of a school of journalism stand a far better chance of selection than does the applicant who comes to the editor with a plea for a job because he thinks he is cut out for the work, yet lacks entirely the fundamental preparation so requisite to success. Schools of journalism, of course, have their critics, but I dare say that, a few years hence, you will find a major part of the responsible newspaper positions will be held by men and women who got their initial training and inspiration in such schools.

In this vast region that we call the

Northwest, we have a variety of issues with which we are called upon to deal as a daily diet, many of which are not found in other areas, just as those other regions have their peculiarly local or sectional problems foreign to us. And, if I were to lay down a suggestion as to the best means of attaining success, of accomplishment in the field of journalism, I would advise that the man or the woman who proposes to pursue his work in this particular territory should thoroughly familiarize himself with the problems that are uppermost.

IT has been my privilege to observe for a great many years, the development of the newspaper business in the Northwest. I was pretty much of a youngster when chance brought to me an opportunity to sweep out the floors and run the errands about the office of a newspaper of rather undependable financial status in the old home town. I have seen a great many men and a few women pass through the various staffs of the newspapers of this region, and I have yet to see one rise to the top who has not mastered one or the other of the outstanding subjects in which the territory that he was serving was particularly interested in. I have seen them win substantial advancement through particularly fine work in the field of politics, through intimate knowledge of and expert treatment of business, through study and research that has given them a grasp of agriculture, through sound knowledge that has fitted them to deal in an intelligent and understanding manner with one or more of the subjects with which the newspaper serving this field is called upon to deal.

I have laid particular emphasis on three points around which it has been my privilege to see men of our territory rise to high place in the newspaper field—politics, business and farming. Knowledge of these subjects, plus the ability to properly and clearly interpret them to their readers, has been the keystone upon which many have built success; and there are just as many opportunities today for advancement along those lines as in the past.

WITH others, I am a firm believer in the proposition that we are going to witness a continuing change in the newspapers of the near future. True, they will remain as purveyors of the daily news, laying before their readers the chronicle of events, local

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What IS Experience?

HE'S an experienced newspaperman. . . . Been working on papers all over the country for years . . ."

Not an uncommon expression, that. I doubt if there is a city room in America that hasn't echoed the same words time and time again.

I've often wondered just what it means.

If a man spends a number of years in one community, on the same paper, learns what that community wants, writes his stories well and makes contacts that prove valuable to the paper—if he does that, is he "experienced" unless he has worked on various other papers? We have seen that man left behind, however, no matter how good he is. We have seen him left at home to cover his routine while someone imported from another city and another state is sent out to do a series of articles about economic or other conditions in a state he knows nothing about.

AM I prejudiced? Emphatically not. I have been studying this thing called experience for several years. That isn't an apology, it's an explanation.

Frankly, can a man begin work on a paper and eventually be recognized as an "experienced" newspaperman without leaving that town? Isn't the fact he holds his job, gets by-lines and covers his routine dutifully enough to stamp him as "experienced" in lieu of the life of a journeyman?

Apparently not. He must have been a "feature writer" or a "star reporter" or something-or-other on another paper before his superiors can pay him what he is worth to them. Though he can get stories that no stranger could get in his town, he must stand aside and watch as an imported fellow-worker gets assignments of real importance.

Isn't the reporter or the copyreader who has been with a paper for several years, who knows what his paper needs and wants, trusted as much as someone who, perhaps, worked on the *World*, or what not? No. Deny it if you will, but it is true.

HERE is an example: Economic conditions in the state were terrible, and the people were holding mass meetings in various counties,

Does a Modern Newspaperman Have to Move From City to City in Order to "Get Somewhere"—?

■ By RICHARD POWELL CARTER ■

Feature Editor,
The Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch

trying to find out why taxes could not be lowered and the salaries of public officials cut. Perhaps the gatherings were not so vehement as the editorial directors of a certain paper in that state believed, but it was decided that a staff writer should cover the state and write a series of articles about the meetings. It was obvious that someone who knew the state should be given the assignment. The articles, it seemed, would be difficult to handle, because they would be bor-

dering on the suggestion of revolution.

The assignment was given to a reporter who had worked on the paper for six years. He was a good man, had handled important stories, and had recently been given a routine covering four counties adjacent to the city. Before that, he covered police. But this reporter had never worked on another paper. He had started, with two years' college education, as a cub and had become one of the hardest working, best liked young men on the staff. He did his work well and produced plenty of good copy.

To Roam or Not?

THIS provocative article by Richard Powell Carter, feature editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, raises the question of whether it is better for a man to become a "rolling stone" or to attach himself to one paper permanently.

Answers to that question would differ, naturally, according to the experiences of the individual. The Editor would be glad to receive comment from active newspapermen upon this point. No payment will be made for such comment but a cross-section of opinion on the subject should prove very interesting.

Mr. Carter entered Washington and Lee University in 1923. He left two years later, lured to Florida by the real estate boom in which he participated. Newspaper work at Petersburg, Va., and a year of coaching high school basketball and baseball, along with teaching, intervened before he returned to the university in 1927 to complete work for his degree. He became a member of the Times-Dispatch staff in 1929, and has remained there since, excepting for a period during which he taught French and Spanish at a military institute.

WHILE this reporter was getting ready to leave, he was informed that a new member of the staff (the telegraph editor!) would cover the assignment instead. It nearly broke his heart. He had wanted this opportunity to show what he could do. But it was denied him, just as he was beginning to realize that a really important series was his to be written as he saw fit. But the telegraph editor was a former *World* man, and, in spite of the fact that he had never before been in that state and knew nothing of its economic conditions nor of its people, he was chosen to write the articles.

To climax the incident, the young reporter was informed that the new man had been given the assignment because he had "more experience." That took all the spirit out of the reporter for several weeks. Naturally, I felt very sorry for him.

He was, evidently, not considered an "experienced" newspaperman. His years of effort on the paper counted for nothing when he had an opportunity to write something he actually was qualified to write. Something important.

Few papers would do that, you say? Quite true. But the fact that there are such cases makes it all the more impressive.

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I'm Not Selling Apples!

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

Free-Lance Writer

BY the time the linotype operator began setting up slugs for this article, I had been living in New York City for seven months without having missed a meal or having slept (as if anybody could) in Times Square.

This may sound like the boasting, autobiographical statement of a ten-dollars-a-word headliner but I don't intend to infer that I'm another "local-boy-makes-good." I'm not trying to kid you, or myself. I'm only an obscure young writer, to be sure. I'm quite humble about my modest success but I'm not selling apples to pay for a corner in a flop joint, which is something these days.

The whole thing is, I laid a foundation for the day I doffed my \$7.50 cap and gown. When I finally abandoned the cherished notion that some magazine editor was going to rope me into a \$75 a week job the moment I stepped off the campus, I didn't, like so many other recent college graduates, find myself wondering why I hadn't kept that old job on Schultz' delivery truck.

LET'S be specific. By foundation I mean that any college man who wants to make his living by free-lance writing should begin to make contacts *outside* the campus the very moment he make up his mind that free-lancing will be his job. Sounds obvious, doesn't it? But how many college men lay this foundation? I know plenty of classmates who were always going to get around to it or "didn't have time for outside work," and today they're bouncing around making noises like wounded gnus.

Well, then, assuming that you've decided to make writing your life work, and that you have some ability to write salable stuff, how about building up some connections in the publishing world? If you're going to face the conditions found by the classes of '30 and '31 (drop a prayer for '32), you're going to want a couple of years of grace before you get out where competition is competition.

This lecture is addressed principally to those who are now turning out smart cracks and cartoons for their college humor publications, but the

He Was Prepared

JOBS were scarce when Gurney Williams was graduated from the University of Michigan last spring. But he had laid the foundation for the free-lance career that he has followed since he left the campus.

Mr. Williams' frankly told article is one of those the Editor has received in response to his invitation to members of the graduating classes of 1931 to relate, for the good of those less fortunate, how they landed jobs or have fared in free-lance work since graduation.

Any graduate, editor, publisher or newspaperman who has something to offer in regard to the job problem will be made welcome in the columns of *The Quill*. No payment is being offered for these articles. They are written for and presented by *The Quill* in a spirit of service.

general idea certainly applies to any undergraduate interested in journalism as a career.

Fortunately, I was advised and encouraged in my writing by wise and farsighted Managing Editor George F. Pierrot, of *The American Boy* magazine. I sold my first non-fiction article to him, as well as a batch of humorous sketches to *Judge*, before ever a fraternity paddle contacted with my shiny pants. I had what is called the jump on my classmates—and I want to pass on some tips to them and to you.

I went out for the university daily and the humor magazine with a vengeance, and learned lots from them, but the stuff I peddled more or less regularly outside the campus not only supplied me with cakes then but made it possible for me to settle down in New York last September without a job and with a bankroll that wouldn't have gagged a garter snake.

IT may sound like heresy, but my advice to college humorists is to withhold some of their better stuff

and peddle it around in the national market. The fellow who confines his gags to the campus is making it easier for the campus editor but he's doing himself an injustice.

People want to laugh now more than ever before and the national humor magazine editors are anxious to give the public what it wants—newer and better laughs. Perhaps you can create them. If you can, and you let the editors know about it, you can begin—now—to build up a reputation, so that when you lay your diploma in the bottom of your trunk you won't have to lie awake nights reflecting bitterly on the dismal conditions of this cock-eyed world.

Take some time off this afternoon and study the markets. Hit for the high spots—*Judge*, *The New Yorker*, *College Humor*, *Ballyhoo*, *Life*, and the others. Study them. Analyze them. Tear them apart and see what makes them tick. Then having done so, you'll know where to submit your own type of humor and you won't make the common mistake of sending *The New Yorker* a He and She joke, or *Life* a sketch with a surprise ending.

WITHOUT going into an exhausting survey of the requirements of these magazines, I'd like to say a word about each as I've found them. *Life*, having changed to a monthly, is now fairly difficult to hit, but is always glad to consider short, humorous fiction, picture ideas, jokes, and topical paragraphs. *College Humor* now has its humor headquarters (distinguishing it from its Chicago fiction office) in the Graybar Building, New York, which is managed by George Eggleston. As you know, the magazine buys all its short stuff from the college magazines and so is interested mainly in unusual full-page ideas and inserts such as their recent burlesque of a college year book, and the travel folder parody.

Jack Shuttleworth, the editor of *Judge*, has a warm spot in his heart for the budding college humorist, and the door is wide open to the unknown, if he has anything at all to offer. Norman Anthony, *Ballyhoo's* dynamic editor, wants "nut" ideas



This University Graduate of 1931 Relates the Manner In Which He Has Bucked the Depression Successfully



and ad parodies, but remember that thousands of readers are submitting the obvious. It's the unusual slant that rings the bell with *Ballyhoo*. *The New Yorker* is the topnotcher and is consequently the hardest to crash, but it's worth trying. I'm still trying. Perhaps you could hit them with newspaper "boners" and ideas for their *Talk of the Town* department.

All these magazines pay from four to seven cents a word or more for text, and they report promptly. My record to date, by the way, is \$1.25 a word for verse sold to *Ballyhoo*. I must confess, however, that verse was no longer than this:

Modern farce:
Nickel cigarce

INCIDENTALLY, as an example of what I'm trying to point out, I sold my first piece to Norman Anthony (then editor of *Judge*) when I was a freshman in college. In fact, I sold him and his successor, Jack Shuttleworth, more than \$1,000 worth of stuff before I had graduated. The result was that when I met Editor Anthony for the first time last October he actually gave me ideas to work up for him. Since then I've sold him more than \$500 worth of material for his flourishing *Ballyhoo*. And at the same time I have been appearing rather regularly in *Judge*. How can I better illustrate the desirability of making those early contacts?

Ideas? You'll never run short of those if you do a reasonable amount of reading, and observe people and things around you. Most of my ideas spring into being while I'm doing something utterly foreign to creative

thought. Something I've read or seen floats around in the old bean for weeks, perhaps, before it coagulates or metamorphoses into something tangible, but eventually it does. Ideas hit me when I'm shining my shoes, or cutting the cake out of my pipe, or pushing my way through a subway turnstile. For instance, here are two titles that popped at me when I wasn't looking:

George Jean Nathan and Graham MacNamee Trade Jobs.

Radio Advertising Technique Hits a Directors' Meeting.

They practically wrote the sketches for me and brought \$50 from *Judge*.

DON'T let rejection slips get you down. Look upon them as indications that you're doing careless work or that you've made a bum analysis of the market you've been trying to hit—not as indications that the editor doesn't know a good thing when he sees it. Sometimes a row of successes makes me sloppy, but the

resultant rejections always put a stop to that.

Remember that even if you fail to click at once, your name will at least become familiar to the editors and they'll begin to expect your manuscripts; and when your work does begin to sell you'll find that one acceptance slip makes a swell antidote for a dozen rejections. Then, when you've made a start, keep the stuff going. Don't waste the editor's time telling him you're the editor of this or that—it's your humor that counts with him, not your position on campus. And above all, don't imitate the style of the well-established humorists.

I hope you've gleaned something from this rambling monologue. Freelancing is the ideal existence if you get a good start. It's an endless job mentally (I wrote the first draft of this after 1:00 a. m. Sunday morning) but you're the boss of You, and if you want to lie around all day Tuesday and do crossword puzzles, nobody's

going to call you up at 9:15 and ask you why the four-em dash you're not at the office.

START making those contacts now—today. You haven't time? Horsefeathers! If you're an underclassman with a flair for writing and a desire to give it a fling, you're sitting pretty, with two or three years in which to experiment with it professionally. If you're an upperclassman with an original twist to your style, you've absorbed enough background to get a good toehold in the publishing world before graduation dumps you in the mill.

Go to it, even if, in the process, you have to flunk two or three courses—as I did.

This Method Landed One Graduate ♦ ♦ a Job, Despite the Depression ♦ ♦

By JOHN S. MOORE, Jr.

Editorial Department,
The Dayton Evening Herald

HE was graduated from college in 1931 and is now police reporter for a paper with 50,000 circulation.

During collegiate days he took journalism and worked on the college paper. Upon graduation, he could not decide what paper in the United States to honor with his services—until he tried to get a job.

He corresponded with editors, but to no avail. Then he chose the leading sheet of his home town, and concentrated his efforts. Several interviews with the managing editor brought rebuff.

"Too much depression. No openings. Come around later," he was told.

In desperation, the graduate dug up three feature stories. He got art with his kodak. And gave the stories to the editor.

The next week he entered the editorial office with a proposition.

"Why don't you let me work in the office; do anything, and without pay?" he asked the editor.

The editor had nothing to lose. He agreed.

The graduate filled paste-pots and wrote three obituaries in the first two days. The third day he refilled the paste-pots.

But at the end of three weeks, the editor agreed to pay him a small wage.

That is how one 1931 graduate got started in the news game.

Building the Business Story

THINK straight!

With that admonition our preceding article closed; with the same admonition our present article opens. It may be well to repeat: Think straight.

In the preceding article, we have seen how you, gathering the facts from which you were to create your story, quarrying the materials out of which you were to build your literary structure, must assume the responsibility of initiative and direction. Now, as you sit down to write, you must assume something more than that initial responsibility; you must assume an obligation—the obligation of the writer to his reader. That obligation, as we have seen, is that of “presenting the thought as clearly, as logically, as forcefully and as entertainingly as possible.”

WITH his charming imagery, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in one of the delightful chapters of his “On the Art of Writing,” thus pictures the relationship between the writer and the reader: “The business of writing demands two—the author and the reader. Add to this what is equally obvious, that the obligation of courtesy rests first with the author, who invites the seance and commonly charges for it. What follows, but that in speaking or writing we have an obligation to put ourselves in the hearer’s or reader’s place? It is his comfort, his convenience, that we have to consult.”

It is your gentle reader, then, whom you must serve. You ought to serve him well. You ought to serve not only his comfort and convenience, but also his intelligence. You, entrenched behind your typewriter, can afford to be sportsmanlike. Consider the reader’s handicap. Remember that condition and circumstance prohibit him from defending himself; indeed, he cannot even strike back. Be as gentle with your gentle reader as he is obliged to be with you.

You can serve your reader well, you can fulfill your obligation, you can carry off the “seance” with grace and glory if, throughout the performance, you continue to—think straight.

YOU are about to write your story. In your notebook are pages of notes. On your conscience is that obligation to the reader. Where are you to begin, and how?

By **ARTHUR H. LITTLE**
Editor, System Magazine

How to Proceed

YOU have obtained your material; now, how shall you present it? Mr. Little answers this question in the accompanying article, third in his series that is telling “new” or professional writers how to extract pay checks from business magazines.

Mr. Little, now editor of System, is former editor of Business, published (until its discontinuance) by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, by whose permission the series is appearing in The Quill.

If you were about to build a house or a ship what would you do but lay out a plan? Here, too, in the erection of this literary structure of yours you need first a plan, a skeleton, a framework, an outline. Your outline you can construct in your mind and record it there; or you can set it down on paper in tabular form.

What shall come first, what second, what last and what in between? From what angle of approach shall you first take hold of your reader’s mind and lead him through the course of your thought; and what shall be that course? These questions, if they present themselves at all, answer themselves. Your memory reaches back for the guide that your faculties of analysis and judgment devised when you were getting the material for your story; it reaches back for the “big idea.”

If this is a story of method, of technic, what was the purpose of that method or technic? What was its objective? Did it attain that objective? What were the results of that attainment? Who profited—and how? Your mind, thinking straight, drives straight through from the initial premise, the initial visualization of condition or situation, through the invention or the adoption of the method or technic, through the application and so to the conclusion, to the objective, to the full realization of the “big idea.” What shall come first, what last and what in between? Logic, which is another name for straight thinking, determines that. Thus forms

the plan. Thus, by thinking straight before you start to write, you lay out the course for a story that will start somewhere, will have a definite objective, will move straight toward that objective, and, having arrived there, will stop. No one, reader or editor, can ask a story to do more.

JUST as, when you were gathering the material, you took every fact, every factor, every element, that carried the thought forward along the line of the “big idea” and toward the objective of the idea, so now, in organizing your material you align every fact, every factor, every element that will carry the thought forward along your outlined course to the objective of your story.

We are dealing with a quality of composition called unity. Unity is something to be desired, something to strive for. For the better understanding of the term—because we shall use it again—let us here define unity as it is defined by the dictionary:

“Unity is a combination or ordering of parts such as to constitute a whole, or to promote an undivided total effect; the reference of the elements of a composition to a single main idea or point of view; also conformity to this principle, or the singleness of effect or symmetry and consistency of style and character produced by it.”

Arlo Bates, in his “Talks on Writing English,” enriches the definition. “The first principle of structure, unity,” says Bates, “has to do with the substance of . . . a composition. It is the law which requires that every composition shall be informed with a general intention, shall center around one fundamental idea; that every sentence and every paragraph shall be dominated by one essential thought or purpose. It is the principle which produces the difference between a well-ordered whole and an unorganized collection of scraps; between a rich embroidery and a sampler, a mosaic and a crazy-quilt. Without unity as a whole a composition becomes as disjointed as a dictionary, without attaining to the instructiveness of that necessary book; and in degree only less from the proportionate importance of a part to the whole, the lack of unity in a sentence destroys the effectiveness of the entire work.”

Outline, Unity and Coherence Will Enable a Writer To Transform His Notes Into a Readable Article

UNITY is a virtue, but an unobtrusive virtue that never flaunts itself, never forces itself upon the attention of the ordinary reader. Unity never is conspicuous, except by its absence.

Unity, says Bates, is a principle that has to do with the substance, the material. You, the writer of a story, were obeying the law of unity when you were gathering the material for your story—when you began to choose between matter suitable and matter unsuitable. Now you say: "Yes, and I have in my notebook and in my outline only that material that carries the thought forward along the predetermined course of my story. Why, now, as I block out my story and write it, need I worry about unity?"

If, from the beginning, you have kept thinking straight; if you have chosen wisely between the relevant and the irrelevant, between the logical and illogical, between the harmonious and the discordant; if you have been guided partly by your judgment and partly by your sense of the fitness of things, then, indeed, when you come to write your story, unity need bother you but little. Your task henceforth is merely that of ordering your material, of arranging its parts so as to "constitute a whole, or to promote an undivided total of effect." And this process of arrangement, this adjustment of the relationships of components, this welding of the chain, is guided and governed by a principle that rhetoricians call "coherence."

"Coherence," says Arlo Bates, "is the law of internal arrangement. The relation of each part to the others must be made clear and unmistakable. We are all but too familiar with the style of writing which resembles the valley of dry bones of the prophet's vision, composition wherein the relationship of one fragment to another is to be discerned only by the most careful research. Coherence is as the inspired prophecy of Ezekiel, whereby the bones came together bone to bone, so that the valley was filled with an exceeding great army."

UNITY is of the matter, but coherence is of the manner. Like unity, coherence is a virtue; but unlike unity, coherence makes itself apparent. Unity needs no advertising, but coherence is the better for being

advertised. Unity needs no sterling mark of quality; but coherence is the better for being stamped with a certificate of character—at least for being tagged with labels of identification.

These labels that identify coherence are certain parts of speech, such as conjunctions, prepositions, pronouns, adjectives, or adverbs, or whole phrases or clauses of words that, for our purposes here, we may call connectives. Connectives are the devices of coherence. They are the links that join the segments, the couplers that link up the cars in the train of thought. Within the clause, within the sentence, such connectives as the prepositions are indispensable; it is not with these that we would deal first. Between sentences, between paragraphs, between the major divisions of thought in a composition, connectives are the hallmarks of skilled craftsmanship. They are little guideposts, erected by the conscientious writer to direct the steps of his reader; they are the means by which he refers the elements of his composition to a single main idea or point of view, the touches of handiwork by which he attains the effect of symmetry and consistency of style and character.

DO you remember the old-fashioned minister and his old-fashioned sermon, the sermon that began with "firstly," droned on through "secondly" and "thirdly" and "fourthly" and so on until, along toward dinner time, it reached "and tenthly and lastly, my brethren"? The old-fashioned minister needed those numbered connectives. Without the numbers he himself, to say nothing of his poor, bewildered congregation, would have lost the way.

Today the ornate style, the elaborate style, the complex style, is out of fashion—and happily so. Today the best style is the simplest style. Yet even the simplest style is that in which coherence either is naturally apparent or has been made apparent. And, in attaining coherence, as in attaining any other end in the art of writing, he is the most skillful craftsman who achieves his effects with the fewest toolmarks.

Abraham Lincoln built connectives—evidences of coherence—into a model of simple, expressive, forceful

English when, on a bit of scrap paper and in a railroad coach, he wrote his Gettysburg Address. Let us look at the address with the major connectives italicized:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. *Now* we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether *that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated* can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of *that war*. We have come to dedicate a portion of *that field* as a final resting place for those who *here* gave their lives that *that nation* might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do *this*. *But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, cannot consecrate, cannot hallow* this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled *here* have *consecrated* it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember *what we say here*, but it cannot forget *what they did here*. It is for us, the living, *rather* to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought *here* have *thus far* so nobly advanced. It is *rather* for us *to be dedicated* to the great task remaining before us—that from *these honored dead* we take increased devotion to *that cause* for which they gave the full measure of devotion—that we *here* highly resolve that *these dead* shall not have died in vain, that *this nation* under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, *by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*"

CONNECTIVE words in Lincoln's English? All his words are connectives! Every word, every phrase, it seems, has a relationship, retroactive or anticipatory, with some word or phrase that has passed or some word or phrase that is to come. His art baffles analysis. His was the art of simplicity and the simplicity of art. Yet in the most famous passage he ever wrote, the Address, one may find evidences of conscious, deliberate

(Continued on page 15)

THE QUILL

A Magazine for Writers, Editors and Publishers

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Associate Editors: George F. Pierrot, Martin A. Klaver, The American Boy Magazine, Detroit; Mitchell V. Charnley, Iowa State College, Ames; Lee A. White, The Detroit News; Vernon McKenzie, University of Washington, Seattle; Donald D. Hoover, The Indianapolis News; John E. Stempel, The New York Sun.

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MARCH, 1932

What Is Experience?

ELSEWHERE in this issue of THE QUILL, Richard E. Powell Carter, of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, treats of a situation to be found frequently in newspaper offices—a situation where a newcomer gets all the "breaks" because he has had more "experience," has "been around more" by working on several papers.

The newcomer is given "star" assignments, assignments which a man who has been a member of the local staff for years, who knows the territory, its background and its problems, might logically expect as his own. The newcomer probably has to ask the local man for pointers on how to proceed, whom to contact and for suggestions in general. And he probably gets the information.

That sort of a situation is discouraging to the man who had settled down to make one paper his lifetime connection rather than to become a "rolling stone." He has put in several years achieving "experience" on his paper, gaining contacts and making friendships, yet he steps aside for the newcomer who has more of this thing called "experience."

There is one picture of a newcomer's coming to a paper. There is another picture in which the newcomer plays an entirely different role.

He may find that he has come to a staff made up of men who have been on the paper for years. They have settled down to make their jobs lifetime ones. They are done with roving.

The newcomer finds that his youth, his energy and his ideas are not altogether relished by his new associates. He may find that his college training is resented. He may find himself regarded as an outsider and the chances for advancement slight.

He is given the groundwork, the advance preparation, perhaps, for some important story. Let us say on something that is to transpire at a distant point. He plunges into his work with enthusiasm. He digs up interesting advance stories, gets the background firmly before him and arms himself with information. Then, at the last moment, he learns that a veteran of the staff is to get the

assignment after all. "More experience," the younger man is told.

He finds that certain stories are written in such and such a manner. Something else is handled in another manner. "That's the way it's always been done," he is told, and, unless he is more eloquent than is to be expected, he finds he must follow in the furrow. Either he must settle himself into the rut along with the rest of the staff, or, still too full of energy for that, strike out for some other paper, become a rolling stone, until he finds the place where he really fits.

Extremes? Either the picture presented by Mr. Carter or this one? Ask some one who has worked on several papers.

Such situations call for the exercise of considerable tact, fair play and consideration on the part of city editors, managing editors and editors-in-chief. The newcomer deserves every consideration if he can deliver the goods but the man who has been on the staff for years also deserves every consideration. Under proper direction, each will receive his due.

"Surface Scratchers"

ONE of the most outspoken articles on newswriting that has been presented in some time appeared in a recent issue of *Editor & Publisher*.

In the article, George Olds, managing editor of the Springfield (Mo.) *News and Leader*, told some of the things he found wrong in present-day reporting. They included: Too much bunk; too much record-copying without digging back to sources for the inside lowdown; lack of genuine humorous stories, adequately written; too much publicity stuff; not enough human-interest stories about the so-called common people; lack of intimate detail and touches of color and personality; too much child-like faith in news sources; too much awe of "important" citizens; too much dull routine; too many shoddy features and what-people-leave-on-the-street-car sort of thing and not enough fresh, sparkling, interesting NEWS.

"And the greatest of these faults," he continued, "is BUNK. Too many reporters remind me of strip-miners—surface scratchers."

Mr. Olds' remarks can be justified by picking up most any paper. But reporters will not be "surface-scratchers" unless the city editor permits them to get away with such reporting. It isn't always the reporter's fault, it isn't always his city editor's fault, however, that only the surface of stories is scratched. Lack of space, insufficient personnel and other factors enter into the situation.

It is our belief that the successful newspaper now and in the future is and will be the one that digs below the surface, presents and interprets what it finds, and, in addition, presents the background as well.

Facing the Cut

QUITE a few newspaper men have taken cuts in salary. Others face the possibility of such reductions. It means that ground gained slowly over a period of years will be lost. It means that many men are going back to wages they had five, six or more years ago.

Newspaper salaries did not mount in proportion to other salaries during the "prosperity era." Newspaper workers did not as a whole receive bonuses or large increases in salary in the days when advertising volume set new records. These things should be taken into consideration when cuts are proposed.

Salary Isn't Everything

HAVING completed a study of information pertaining to newspaper salaries recently, I began pondering the assets and liabilities of my chosen field. It struck me that many of these assets were intangible, that their value could not be measured by a monetary yardstick.

For instance, it occurred to me that my experiences and those of my associates had been such that no one in any other line of work could duplicate them. Outside of newspaper work, for example, it would have been impossible for me to have had contacts—some of them fleeting, but all of them contributing something definite to a broader sense of values—with such men as Presidents Hoover and Coolidge, former Secretary Mellon; Senate and Cabinet leaders; Ahmed Mouhtar Bey, Turkish ambassador to the United States; Sir Esme Howard, then dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington; Samuel Gompers, John L. Lewis and Charles Schwab; Sir Gilbert Parker and David Lloyd George; "One-Eye" Connelly and William Z. Foster; Eugene V. Debs and Generals Pershing, Gouraud and Josef Haller; Lindbergh and Byrd; Jack Dempsey and Rudolph Valentino; Thomas R. Marshall, Albert J. Beveridge, Harry New and others of the Hoosier coterie of statesmen, politicians and writers; D. C. Stephenson, one-time grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan; Edward Young Clarke, and the Rt. Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, apostolic delegate to the United States; Gerald Chapman, the killer and arch criminal; E. W. Scripps, L. C. Probert, Richard Oulahan, Walter Strong, Bernarr Macfadden, Karl Bickel, Marlen Pew, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington and John R. Mott. And, in addition to these, with other leaders in politics, literature, the judiciary, crime, the military establishments, governors, bootleggers, police characters, churchmen—in short with a more than typical cross-section of life.

SIMILAR lists could be compiled by any newspaperman, continuing indefinitely and leading to a reminiscent session of "I remember when." But many of us, I believe, do not pause to consider that such contacts have given us something that we

◆ Many of the Assets of a Journalistic Career ◆
◆ Are Intangibles Not To Be Measured in Money ◆

By DONALD D. HOOVER

Assistant City Editor,
The Indianapolis News

never can lose. It is more than pleasant for me to look back over the comparatively brief time I have been in newspaper work and assay the results of some of these meetings and interviews. Some of the effects will stay with me always, and in them I feel I have had much of the compensation of the reporter.

A news gatherer learns much of human nature and its foibles, from the cubhood days when the city editor tells him that "the bigger they are, the more courteous," through his reporting days, and onward up through any journalistic position he may occupy. In that, he finds some recompense for a sixty-dollar salary wall and working conditions under which a Christmas at home is a rarity. In that, he finds much of the lure that holds him to his trade.

In this meditative mood, I like to look back over some of the contacts which I recall.

After Eleven Years

DONALD D. HOOVER, who contributes the accompanying introspective article concerning journalism's "intangibles," has just passed the eleventh anniversary of his entry into newspaper work.

Most of those 11 years have been spent in Indianapolis, either with the Indianapolis Times or the Indianapolis News. In 1925, however, he was appointed postmaster at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. The following year he went to Washington with the Associated Press.

Mr. Hoover is the author of "Copy," a handbook for reporters, published several months ago by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. He is an associate editor of The Quill.

His journalistic years have brought him many an interesting moment, as his article indicates.

THERE comes to mind the campaign of Senator Beveridge against Senator Ralston, in which I accompanied the former on his tour of Indiana.

From intimate contact with him on that trip, which came early in my experience, I learned to know Beveridge the man—and thus formed the standards by which I still judge public figures. From another man, whose picture hangs beside that of Beveridge on my study wall, came other viewpoints on the same subject. That other man was Albert B. Anderson, federal judge for nearly a quarter of a century. It was one of the happiest moments of my newspaper life when Judge Anderson admitted me to his confidence and the intimacy of talks "in chambers" during slack days.

Judge Anderson, caustic, fearless and sincere, implanted in me an unbending belief that public officials should be held rigidly accountable for the manner in which they carry out the public trust. It was Judge Anderson whom President Roosevelt termed "a crook and a jackass" when he refused to permit the government to transfer the Panama Canal libel case against the Indianapolis News to the District of Columbia for trial. Refusing to be bulldozed by the President's response to the queries of the News and the New York World as to "who got the money," Judge Anderson said in his opinion:

"It is the duty of a public newspaper . . . to tell the people, its subscribers, its readers, the facts that it may find out about public questions or matters of public interest; it is its duty and its right to draw inferences from the facts known—draw them for the people."

Is there any surprise that a man of such character would make a profound impression on a young newspaperman? By rigid adherence to the elementary rule of never violating

confidences, a reporter gained many of them from this fire-eating jurist.

ASSOCIATION with another public figure—one whom Judge Anderson sentenced to the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta—brought still another lesson in the humanities.

Warren T. McCray, Governor of Indiana, got in so deeply that he never was able to emerge from financial collapse. He forged many names to many notes, and otherwise engaged in practices by which a desperate man sought to save his fortune and his good name. He was caught and the prison sentence followed. Despite his betrayal of his trust and despite Judge Anderson's creed to which I adhered, McCray's example taught me something of forbearance, and his disgrace did not destroy a friendly relation which endured even after I had seen the prison gates clang shut on him.

From yet another governor, I learned how far one can become immersed in sham and hypocrisy. This man, whose trial I covered when he was charged with bribery, played up on prejudices to attain his office. Coming from the courtroom in which he had evaded possible conviction on technical grounds, my feelings were quite different from those when I flashed the one word "guilty" to my paper on McCray's conviction.

SPEAKING of Governor McCray, there was much of revealing human pathos and social significance in the conversations between him, the newspapermen and the automobile thief, Bobbie Lambert, who started to prison with him but escaped from the train which carried the party southward. One saw the minds of both men, stripped stark and bare, as they talked of justice and right and wrong. These too left profound imprints.

Thomas R. Marshall's belief in what he termed the happy faculty of superficiality is another factor that lurks in the background of my philosophy, as do a number of his observations made during pleasurable moments when, on general assignments, I had time to drop by the office of this former vice-president and listen to his recipes for what he termed a Hoosier salad of reflection.

Across the street from Mr. Marshall's law office later was that of D. C. Stephenson, of the Ku Klux Klan, whose strong personality, showmanship and knowledge of mass psychology commanded my admiration.

Accompanying this "grand dragon" to meetings to which I otherwise could not have gained entrance, I saw at its source the insidious workings of this invisible empire whose effects

Helots, or—?

By H. A. GWYNNE
British Journalist

I HAVE pleaded for the raising of the status of journalists. At no time in the history of our profession has the need been greater.

"It seems to me that we are at the parting of the ways. Either we are to become helots, obliged to perform tasks which may offend our self-respect, or we must create for ourselves a position under which we can never be compelled to do anything which a gentleman should not do.

"The issue lies in your hands. I have no doubt, knowing as I do from long experience the sense of honor and of duty to the public which is characteristic of our profession, which alternative you will choose."—From the Journal of the Institute of Journalists.

still linger in the politics of some parts of the country. From this assignment to "cover Steve's office," I learned how politicians, including a governor, truckled to the power of any organized minority. I saw how the elemental appeals to religious or race prejudices stirred men.

A religious barrier was broken down when I interviewed the Rt. Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, the apostolic delegate. He spoke little English. I spoke no French. Bishop Chartrand, of the diocese, kindly interpreted and aided in an interview that included a question as to whether the delegate's visit meant possible elevation of the Bishop to the cardinals' college. The kindness of Bishop Chartrand and the graciousness of his superior were responsible for a lasting feeling of respect for their vestments.

IT is from the foregoing and similar instances that any reporter's mind is broadened—to be a youth from a small community or a youngster with every benefit of education and travel. By the time he has gained a depth of understanding and of appreciation of this phase of his work, he feels that he has an important part in the life

of the community. If he has the seeking mind, and I am assuming that the successful reporter does, he benefits from his every experience.

The thrill of being at the world center of consequential news comes from a Washington assignment, the subconscious goal at some time or another of a majority of working newspapermen. Contact with the President, the Cabinet and Congress, and the understanding of the function of the varied units which comprise the government are, of course, invaluable. Though my time in Washington was brief, it did give me a bird's-eye view of the merry-go-round. Particularly during the few weeks I was at the Senate was I weaned from a probably too provincial point of view. Chats with Burton K. Wheeler, the outspoken Montana senator, changed greatly my economic views, by the way.

In Washington correspondence particularly there is a premium on the seeking mind. One of the most important factors in newspaper work which also was brought home there is the value of background.

ANY analysis of the appeal of newspaper work to the neophyte must take into consideration the aura of romance which has been thrown about it—many times unjustifiably. It must take into consideration, too, the "kick" one gets from being on the inside of things, of knowing about them before they happen and of knowing more about them than gets into the papers.

To some men, the juggling of words has a binding fascination. The rush and the hurry and the hum, and the very fact that when a thing is done it is done, makes a strong appeal. To others, newspaper work is a stepping-stone to law, promotion, publicity and other fields.

To some, journalism even offers a haven. Such men give support to the statement of one critic that the good newspapermen get out, the poor ones are fired, and the mediocre stay in harness.

Many observers would be surprised, though, at the number of those who are staying because they believe, down beneath an apparent cynicism, that in their work they best have an opportunity for public service.

The law, the church, and medicine all offer their "intangibles" to their followers. In journalism, too, it is these "intangibles" that hold newspapermen to their work.

You Metropolitan Boys—

◆ Here Is a Message For City Newspapermen From One ◆
◆ Who Was Fired From a Daily Staff Nine Years Ago ◆

By G. C. TERRY

Editor and Publisher, The Tri-County Press

THIS happens to be the ninth anniversary of my being fired from the staff of a daily newspaper.

As it occurs, I find that my profits for the year were fully five times as large as the salary of the managing editor who lifted me out of a rut by firing me and put me on the highroad to ownership of a country weekly.

With a background such as this, I have been very much interested in what has been written about the field of country journalism.

I can not help but feel that some, at least, of the criticism of the country weekly field has been from the pens of those who thought they saw a life of ease with money rolling in from all sides but who found an exacting job, a hard job, six days and many nights a week.

FIRST, second and third . . . never dare even to think about a country weekly unless you have the small-town outlook, the small-town philosophy and the love of neighbors.

If you do, you'll discover the deck is stacked against you. You'll lose just as certain as I must make out my income tax report this month.

If you long for the thrills, the glamour of by-lines and the special assignments of metropolitan journalism, forget about the country.

Shift your eyes toward New York. Be ready for rough weather, not that the sailing is always smooth in the country. But it's different in city journalism. Those big octopuses, the dailies, take you when the flame of youth burns brightly, when the torch of ambition is high above your head.

You write. You write some more. They grind you. You fight. They grind even harder . . . not because they wish to crush you but because of competition. Unless you are a genius some day you'll awaken, graying, in charge of the morgue and another youth will be in your place . . . to find disillusionment, unless, in truth, he be a genius.

A sad picture? Padded? Colored?

You must judge. But tell me, where are the managing editors, special writers, desk men of the metropolitan newspapers since 1900. What are they doing? Clipping coupons? Looking over the final edition through the eyes of a proud owner? Perhaps.

YOU metropolitan boys don't know many of the people about whom you write. They're strangers to you. Perhaps you wouldn't care to know them after the things you and your sheets say about them. I do not mean to banter. It's just in the cards.

Can you tell me how many reporters, city editors, even managing editors, own stock in metropolitan papers? Say the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York Times*, or other large papers. Again it's not in the cards. The deck is stacked against you . . . lest you be a genius. Doors to that envied sanctum, the office of the publisher and owner, are, through sheer

He Isn't Sorry

EVER since Lyle Webster's article, "This Country Weekly Myth," appeared in the November issue of *The Quill*, comment, criticism and answering articles have been arriving at *The Quill* office. And the end is not yet.

Among those who read and answered the original article was G. C. Terry, of Polo, Ill., whose experiences in the weekly field are presented in the accompanying article. He takes a few falls from those city newspapermen who preen themselves because of their association with the "big time."

No matter how he may have felt that day nine years ago when the managing editor of a daily told him he was "through," Mr. Terry has no regrets today. His article should be explanation enough.

chance, closed forever to the average reporter—unless—you are a Main Streeter.

Of course there is no thrill in publishing a weekly unless you can get a kick out of making your advertising quota, your news coverage, or fighting against the granting of an ordinance by an unsuspecting city council to a set of unprincipled promoters, or engineering a successful campaign for state ownership of a beautiful park or 101 other similar activities.

For the one who aspires to be a leader, there is a real thrill in the weekly game.

AVOID the country field as you might the plague unless you enjoy the human relationships of a small town, the freshness of the fields, the dull days of summer when you can inhabit the nearby golf course, the humor of the farmer and the small-town merchant. Avoid it unless you can overlook the gossip of a small community, the jealousies of a people who are the most human on earth, people who like you even though they "talk about you"; unless you can take criticism on the chin and standing up.

If you can do these things, you are ready to think about country journalism. You are ready to enter a Main Street town out in the "wide open spaces where men are men . . . and smell like cattle." If you are a true journalist in your heart, if you love service and accomplishment more than money, you're doomed to be one of the town's leading citizens both in a civic and a financial sense. You'll discover that the deck has been stacked in your favor.

WHEN I was graduated from Iowa State in December, 1923, I had secretly discussed my "dream" with the girl who is now the mother of my three sons. I told her that, by 1933, I wanted to be making \$5,000 a year.

When my fiscal year ended November 19, 1931, the first full year of my sole ownership of the *Tri-County Press*, my earnings were considerably above the first five-figure division. There are hundreds of weeklies that, under the guiding hand of a young, progressive editor-publisher, should return from \$5,000 to \$15,000 or more every year.

How to get them is the question. I
(Continued on page 17)

THE BOOK BEAT

Conducted by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

What's Ahead

NEW ROADS TO PROSPERITY,
by Paul M. Mazur. The Viking Press,
New York. 1931. \$2.00.

Mr. Mazur is, for the layman, a modern blessing. He writes clearly, directly, authoritatively on the economic muddle of the twentieth century—writes so that the most average of average citizens may understand. He is an extraordinarily keen analyst, as he has already shown in "American Prosperity" and "America Looks Abroad."

"New Roads to Prosperity" is no attempt to define a panacea for America's economic ills. It is, rather, a diagnosis of the ills themselves. It explains such modern problems as those of money, credit, banking, production, consumption; it makes clear the place of the gold standard in 1932 economics, and the reasons England had to leave it. It urges the necessity of consumer-financing. Reading it, you understand more thoroughly the situation the amateur economists have been puzzling over—over-production, consumer-need, consumer-inability to buy.

The book—a brief one—is the kind any news writer, particularly the news writer who wishes to discourse intelligently on "conditions," should add to his equipment. From its opening chapters, which explain succinctly the sublimation of money from an aid to trade to an end in itself and the effect of this change on modern business, to its closing statement—"The day of opportunity is still at its dawn. But the days of opportunism must be ended." It is a straightforward and readable explanation of why we're where we are. Which is probably the best way to tell us how not to get there again.

Step by Step

WRITING JOURNALISTIC FEATURES, by P. I. Reed. McGraw-Hill, New York. 1931. \$2.50.

Feature writing is anything that informs or entertains, and a feature writer is a garnerer (suggestion: change to *garnisher*). Suggestions for features . . . subjects and ma-

terials . . . where and how to find information. . . .

These are impressions of this latest addition to the library of books about feature writing. There are included in it excellent examples of features taken mainly from the *New York Times*, the *Baltimore Sun*, *Harper's*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, and *Popular Mechanics* which add much to the perspicuity of the text. The illustrations are analyzed for what they are worth and the student may find this an excellent way to learn, step by step, the intricacies of feature writing.

Of especial interest is the chapter on Developing Subdivisions. The free-lance writer should turn to this when temporarily mired by some fifth paragraph.

Assignments at the end of each chapter, tips for material (based on Professor Reed's 14 classes of features) and suggestions for further study are included in the text.

An interesting book and an earnest one that should find its rightful place on the reference shelf of feature writing classes, it may be profitably kept for inspiration by the free-lance writer who very often needs it.—Margaret L. Marnette.

RANDOM NOTES

Alexander Woolcott, writing in the *American Legion Monthly* of Frederick Palmer's "Newton D. Baker: America at War," reports that Mr. Palmer's investigations leading up to the book converted him from an anti- to a pro-Bakerite. Mr. Woolcott agrees with other critics of the book (it's two fat volumes) that it's one of the most significant American war-stories yet published, and calls Mr. Baker "the ablest cabinet member to serve this country since Alexander Hamilton." . . . "Awakening Japan," the diary of a German doctor, Erwin Baelz, at the court of the Mikado before the turn of the century, is a book that Japan's vigorous awakening of the last months will doubtless make popular. . . . Among the Washington bi-centennial books is "Mount Vernon: Its Owner and Its Story," by Harrison H. Dodge, resi-

dent custodian of Mount Vernon since 1885. . . . Albert F. Henning, professor of journalism at Southern Methodist University, has produced "Ethics and Practices in Journalism" (Ray Long and Richard Smith, New York, 1932) to acquaint the journalistic student "with something of the philosophic atmosphere in which journalists move." . . . Coming on this page: reviews of "Craft of the Critic," "Our Lawless Police" and "My Northcliffe Diary," among others. Or what books—what types of books—do you want reviewed?

AN EDITOR'S YARN

NOW that Congress is back at its labors, E. C. Dix, publisher of the *Wooster (O.) Record*, has a Congressional story to tell that will take editors' minds off the proposed tax hike for a few minutes.

A resourceful Woosterite, as Mr. Dix tells the story, was taking an examination for citizenship papers, and made good progress until he was questioned about lawmaking.

"Who makes the laws?" the examiner asked him.

"Chief of Police Jones makes 'um," he answered.

Trying to supply the man with a clue so he could correct his mistake, the examiner queried:

"But what does Congress do?"

Throwing up his hands in despair, the prospective citizen retorted:

"That's just it! What the hell does Congress do?"—I. N. S. Scoops.

Conducts Broadcast

A weekly radio broadcast of campus news events over station WRUF at Gainesville, Florida, was initiated by the Florida chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, in January.

Members of the chapter are divided into committees, each of which is responsible for certain programs during the school year. Material for the news programs is gathered and written by members of these committees. Three announcers were selected from the chapter by officials of the radio station, after an audition of the entire group.

The Florida chapter is also editing one edition of the Gainesville *Daily Sun* each month. Plans for taking over complete charge of the *Suwannee Democrat*, a weekly paper at Live Oak, Fla., during the State Press convention in that city in March, have been completed.

Building the Business Story

(Continued from page 9)

craftsmanship in the selection of connectives, the words and phrases that make obvious the unity and coherence of the composition.

Notice, for instance, the anticipatory significance of the phrase, "four score and seven years ago," with which the first sentence begins—anticipation that is realized in the single contrasting word, "now," with which the second sentence begins. Notice the linking up of "a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," in the first sentence, with "any nation so conceived and so dedicated," in the second sentence, an instance of coherence by repetition.

Notice the connective significance of "that war," "that field," "here," "that nation," and "this"—all reaching back to something that has gone before, all knitting together the thought that is completed with that italicized word, "this." With that word Lincoln had brought his hearers to the brink of a transition. He purposed now to change his point of view, to look upon his subject in its broader aspect. How did he effect the transition; what was the guidepost that he erected at the turn in the way? One phrase sufficed: "but in a larger sense."

So through the immortal address we find the evidence of coherence, coherence by the relation of pronouns, coherence by reference to change of time or place or point of view, coherence by repetition. Repetition? No one ever had told Lincoln not to repeat. He found a good word, the right word, the inevitable word. He used it. When he needed it again he used it again. He repeated the word, repeated it for its own specific sake, repeated it for force, repeated it for coherence. He wrought a masterpiece.

THE English language that Lincoln used is your English language. His vocabulary was no richer than is yours in words that tie up the thought, that make coherence obvious. When you have sketched out your outline, when you have blocked out your composition in paragraphs and sentences, go over it with an eye for coherence. Go over the major transitions between the major divisions of thought; go over the shorter transitions between paragraphs; go over the still shorter transitions between the clauses and phrases. Scru-

tinize the relationships between the words themselves. Where you find a hiatus, a break in the chain, reach into your vocabulary for a connective that will weld that open link.

Do you find difficulty somewhere? Do the segments refuse to join? When you try to draw them together in harmony, do they clash in conflict? Somewhere, then, you have been thinking otherwise than straight. Somewhere, possibly, your fancied unity really is disunion and you have some discordant element to cast out. Somewhere, possibly, you have erred in relating the elements to each other and you have a misalliance to annul and a happy union to form.

GAZE upon this specimen of journalistic English:

"Lying unconscious in the hospital, the doctors observed that his jaw was fractured."

Imagine this astonishing sight:

"Cruising up the bay in a motor boat, a tall stone monument was seen."

Realize, if you can, this tragedy:

"Walking peaceably down the street and talking with a friend, the bullet of an assassin pierced his back."

WERE the doctors lying unconscious in the hospital when they observed that somebody's jaw was fractured? Do stone monuments, especially tall stone monuments, go riding in motor boats? Can bullets, assassins' bullets or any other kind, walk down the street and talk with friends? The writer of each of our specimens has fallen into an open trap of incoherence. He has orphaned his participles, cut them adrift from their lawful parents and forced them to attach themselves to the first benevolent noun that comes along. He has thought otherwise than straight. He has failed to trace out the relationships among his words. He has achieved absurdity.

Think straight! See clearly. In your own mind visualize sharply and precisely what it is that you see—your thought. Then write what you see in language just as sharp as is the image in your mind. Write simply. Link up the segments, the paragraphs, sentences, clauses, phrases and words, so that the thought flows along an even course, smoothly, logically, pleasingly. Then you will write intelligibly. Then you will serve your reader and serve him well.

"Literary Devices," Mr. Little's fourth article on writing for business publications, will tell you how to interest your reader. It is coming in the April issue of *The Quill*.

AMONG those who are finding *THE QUILL* interesting and worth while are the heads of journalism schools and departments and teachers of journalism.

Ralph D. Casey, chairman of the Department of Journalism at the University of Minnesota, observes in a recent letter to the Editor: "Faculty members at the University of Minnesota's Department of Journalism have found *THE QUILL* useful in a number of their courses. The contents of *THE QUILL* in the last two or three years show a catholicity of interest in journalistic subjects and problems and the editor has been careful to obtain frequent contributions from well-known authorities in their fields. We therefore feel that *THE QUILL* is valuable as background reading in journalism. A bound file of the magazine, if it maintains its present standard, will always be useful too, for the research student."

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AFTER DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

HEARTY commendation from the Editor goes to Scribner's magazine for its contest for manuscripts depicting "Life in the United States." More than 4,000 manuscripts were submitted and from these 25 were selected for publication. The articles which have appeared have been of unusual interest to anyone interested in the American picture. They have touched many of the odd corners of American life and have amply demonstrated that "raw material" for the American writer exists in abundance. First prize went to an article entitled "Oklahoma Race Riot"; second prize to "Hills of Home," an article depicting homesteading in the Montana mountains and a special prize to "Nun's Diary." Another contribution, "Corn Village," received honorable mention. Read some of the articles or stories and realize how interesting, how picturesque, how stark, this America can be.

FROM time to time, we have been presenting in this column verbal flowers sent by interested readers of *THE QUILL*. But an editor's life is not always one of flowers.

For example, the article "Why Editors Grow Gray," by Stewart Harral, director of publications at Southeastern Teachers' College, Durant, Okla., which appeared in the December issue of *THE QUILL*, brought a protest from H. K. Chambers, editor of the "Spice of Life" page of the *Literary Digest*.

The boners quoted in Mr. Harral's article, Mr. Chambers said, all had appeared in the "Slips That Pass in the Night" column of the "Spice of Life" page and therefore should have been credited to the *Literary Digest*.

Mr. Harral was asked to explain. He replied that he had not lifted the boners from the magazine and that he did not know that any of them had appeared in the *Literary Digest*.

"For several years," he wrote, "I have been interested in errors with a humorous or absurd angle which might appear in the press. For two years I have asked that my journalism students either bring the paper with the boner in it or TYPE THE BONER AND BRING IT TO ME. And therein lies the big boner which I have pulled. After I suggested the article, I went through my files and

picked out some which I thought were unusually good. It is possible that many of those in my article came from the *Literary Digest* and may I say, frankly, that I have not read a copy of that magazine in several years. Every once in a while I would hear of one of the 'Slips That Pass in the Night' but I did not file it because I sought to find those errors which had not been known to so many people.

"I have warned students constantly against plagiarism and asked that they always tell me if the boners submitted had appeared both in magazines and newspapers. I offer my most sincere apology even though I had no idea that most of the boners had been taken from the *Literary Digest*."

There can be no doubt but that Mr. Harral was imposed upon. He had no intention, it is self-evident, to take material without giving credit to the proper source. And the Editor of *THE QUILL* certainly had no desire to present material not credited to the proper source. Our apologies are added to those of Mr. Harral for the "boner." We want to give credit where credit is due and always do so when the source is known.

THERE'S a man in Chicago for whom the Editor has a lot of respect. This man, connected with a printing house, was thrown out of work after years of service. He promptly got another job. As the depression continued, he eventually lost that one too. For three months he tried to get something else. Of course he was discouraged. Who wouldn't be? But the point was that he finally did something about the situation.

He bought a small printing outfit. His son, who had some knowledge of the business, became the printer. His daughter, also unemployed, became the secretary. "Dad" became the salesman. An artist who was finding the going tough and some other skilled workers in the same boat were enlisted in the cause.

A unique announcement, frankly setting forth the situation, heralded the new venture. From latest reports, things are moving along nicely with the new firm and business has been "humming." I'd say it deserved to be "humming," wouldn't you?

No "Flash" Newspapers For Us

(Continued from page 4)

and otherwise, but certainly there exists a constantly increasing demand upon the newspaper that it more thoroughly, more exactly, interpret the significance of the news with which it deals.

True, the editorial page has occupied that place, functioning very largely in the field of interpretation, but more and more I believe you will see the news columns devoted to this cause. Not that the editorial page will pass. Rather, I expect that it will take on an increasingly important place, for the demand of the readers, if I have properly sensed

their desire, is for more and more sound information.

Proceeding upon this hypothesis, the staffs of the newspapers will be opened to more men fitted to deal with the news of the day, to men who have made a serious effort to be something more than reporters. Primarily, they must be reporters, but also they must be analysts.

So, there will be greater opportunities to those men who understand, who have combined with that rather rare and elusive quality—the capacity to think—the capacity to make themselves understood.

You Metropolitan Boys—

(Continued from page 13)

should advise those who feel themselves qualified under the above measuring stick, to find employment at any price, preferably in a county-seat town. Dig in. Forget the clock. Produce. Write. Make the boss feel that you are looking out for his interests. Don't quibble over nonessentials. Shoot square. Make friends for your paper. Originate. Keep your bills paid. Attend state press associations. Take a trade paper.

If you're getting enough to live on, you're highly paid . . . because you're getting well rounded experience with another's money. You'll make mistakes and profit by them. Soon publishers in your section will learn about you. Then comes your break . . . from somewhere.

YOU don't have a cent of money. But you're honest. You don't

owe anybody a penny. When the bankers check up on you in all the towns you ever lived in they come back with a clean report. They'll make the loan, and don't you forget it, providing you have sold yourself to the community and providing the community needs you.

It can be done in this way. I know. My first county-seat weekly job was on the *Independent* at Waverly, Iowa, published by "Uncle Joe" Grawe, that lovable dean of country journalism in Iowa, every inch a fighter with his 85 years. That for a year, then to the managership of a chain weekly at Farmer City, Ill., for 15 months. Then to the *Tri-County Press* as editor and, three months later, as co-publisher, and finally, in 1930, as sole owner.

This may sound like a "myth" but it isn't.

What IS Experience?

(Continued from page 5)

IT so happened that the man who had worked on the *World* wrote a fine series of articles that drew wide comment from readers, even from legislators. (The general assembly was in session at the time.) But that is usually the case. The new man extends himself to write a good series. It is what he has done before. I am not disputing the fact that someone who has worked all over the country can write features of any type.

But I believe that the man who has spent several years on a paper and is a good newspaperman can write better articles of this nature than some-

one who comes from another paper and, in several weeks, is given vital assignments that require an acute knowledge of the state and community.

No editor, no member of a staff, questions the fact that one who has worked elsewhere can bring to a paper new ideas and plans. That is not only a fact—it is desirable.

But is the man who stays in a territory until he has learned its aspects, its needs, its history, to be penalized because he hasn't shifted from one city to another?

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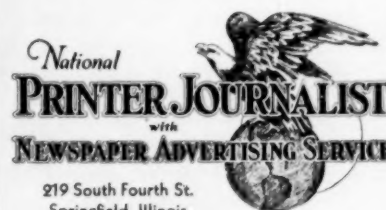
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WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

RICHARD VICTOR OULAHAN, chief Washington correspondent of the New York Times for nearly 20 years and dean of the Washington corps of newspapermen, died December 30, 1931, at his home in Washington of pneumonia. He was 64 years old. He was an associate member of the Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

• • •

VERNON NASH (Missouri '14), chairman of the Department of Journalism at Yenching University, Peiping, China, has returned to the United States to spend a year as a member of the faculty at the University of Missouri. DEAN FRANK L. MARTIN, of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, has arrived in Peiping to teach for a year there at Yenching University.

• • •

VERNE MCKINNEY (Oregon State '23), editor and publisher of the Hillsboro (Ore.) *Argus*, has purchased the Hillsboro *Independent* which he will merge with the *Argus*. The *Argus* has been ranked, through statewide contests, as the outstanding weekly newspaper of Oregon.

• • •

BERNARD SOBEL (Purdue '10), who directs publicity for Florenz Ziegfeld and "The Follies," is the author of "Burley-cue" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$5). Tribute was paid to both Sobel and his book by ASHTON STEVENS, Chicago columnist and drama critic, in his "A Column or Less" in the *Herald and Examiner*. The book Stevens calls "magnetically written and gorgeously illustrated." Sobel was a teacher of English more than 20 years ago.

• • •

GEORGE A. HARDING (Ohio State '31) has recently become editor of the West Unity *Reporter*, a weekly paper published in West Unity, Ohio.

• • •

ARNOLD L. FAUSZ (Ohio State '31) is now editing the financial page of the Toledo (O.) *Times*.

• • •

EDWIN A. SCHOENLEB (Ohio State '31) was recently married to M. Elaine Gibson, Ohio State '31, a member of Theta Sigma Phi, journalistic sorority. Schoenlebe is telegraph editor of the Portsmouth (O.) *Times*.

• • •

LOUIS R. HUGHES (Missouri '31) is editing *The Tee*, cadet organ recently established for Flying Cadets at Randolph Field, Texas. The Randolph Field unit is known in army circles as the "West Point of the Air."

HORACE B. WARD (Knox '22) has joined the Chicago bureau of International News Service after nearly nine years as a Boy Scout executive, the last six years being spent at Mt. Clemens, Mich. He is doing rewrite, reporting and editorial work and is one of seven members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, employed by the bureau.

• • •

HARRY S. BOLSER (Kentucky '30) is reporting for the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*.

• • •

JOHN L. ROSE (Florida '31) is assistant city editor of the Sioux City *Tribune* at Sioux City, Iowa.

• • •

DUNCAN CHURCH (Florida '31) is taking postgraduate work at the University of Florida.

• • •

R. E. WOLSELEY (Northwestern '28) is doing free-lance writing for trade publications and is also writing radio continuity in Chicago. His home is in Evanston, Ill.

• • •

EDMOND R. RICHER (Northwestern '28) has been appointed assistant advertising manager of the Marshall Field store for men in Chicago.

• • •

NORVAL NEIL LUXON (Ohio State '23) and Mrs. Luxon are the parents of a son, Norval Neil, Jr., born January 9 in Columbus, O. Luxon is a member of the faculty of the School of Journalism, Ohio State University, and received his M.A. from the University last August.

• • •

A. KENNETH MILLER (Ohio State '30) has recently joined the staff of the Toledo (O.) *Times* after being on the copy desk of the Toledo *News-Bee* since his graduation.

• • •

PHILIP W. PORTER (Ohio State '22) is city editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

• • •

JAMES W. SCHLEMMER (Ohio State '23) is sports editor of the Akron *Beacon-Journal*.

• • •

JAMES E. POLLARD (Ohio State '16) is editor of the University News Bureau at Ohio State University.

• • •

WILLIAM S. CUNNINGHAM (Ohio State '25) is dramatic critic of the Columbus (O.) *Citizen*. GEORGE A. SNODGRASS (Ohio State '28) covers county politics for the *Citizen*.

GLEN BEINHAEUER (Drake '31) died January 26 in the Iowa Methodist Hospital at Des Moines, Iowa, following a brief illness. Death was due to pneumonia. He had been a member of the Des Moines *Tribune* sports staff for three years, the first two while finishing his studies at Drake. Beinhauer was president of the Drake chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, in his senior year. He was graduated with honors.

• • •

J. HARRISON BROWN (Missouri '14) is vice-president and general manager of the A. P. Green Fire Brick Company of Mexico, Mo., engaged in the world-wide sale of refractories.

• • •

J. GUNNAR BACK (Wisconsin '31) was the author of "The Movie Magazine," an analysis of the motion picture field for the free-lance writer, appearing in *Writer's Digest* for February.

• • •

WILLIAM L. TAILLON (North Dakota '26) has gone from Tela, Spanish Honduras, to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, where he is employed by the United Fruit Company.

• • •

WARREN BROWN, sports editor of the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* and author of the late Knute Rockne's biography, discussed sports and sports writing as the principal speaker at a dinner of the Chicago Alumni chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, January 26. HARRY W. FRIER (Illinois '27) spoke on the development of professional interest in the annual conventions of Sigma Delta Chi. HOWARD W. CLARK (Grinnell Associate) presided.

Among other alumni present were GEORGE BRANDENBURG (Northwestern '28), CONGER REYNOLDS (Iowa '12), HENRY P. EDWARDS (Ohio State Associate), FRANCIS POWERS (Ohio State Associate), EARL SENHOLZ (Iowa State '30), EDWARD R. EGGER (Missouri '18), L. M. KLEVAY (Wisconsin '26), L. O. HOLMBERG (Drake '29), JOHN CANNING (Grinnell '31), CHARLES E. SNYDER (Iowa State Associate), WILLIAM KOSTKA (Knox '27), JACK WILSON (Iowa State '30), E. B. SWINGLE (Wisconsin '25), CHARLES E. KANE (Missouri '15), ALBERT W. BATES (Oregon State '29), COLIN KENNEDY (Iowa State '28), J. B. KEITHLEY (Drake '27), HARRY BERGMAN (Washington '27), HORACE B. WARD (Knox '22), PETER HAM (Cornell '26) and JOSEPH W. HICKS (Oklahoma '23).

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